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VOL. 2. NO. 40.

VANITY FAIR

Saturday,
SEPT. 29,
1860.

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☞ See 2d Page. ☜

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CHAPTER XIV.

NEW-YORK.

ANITY, dainty Sprite of merry mischief—Thou who hast inspired these pages, and followed us the summer long, from one haunt of pleasure to another, tormenting maidens and men alike—thy reign is nearly at an end. We are back in town—we are home again—new life opens on the friends and fortunes of BROADWAY SPUYTENTUYFEL, whilome MEISTER KARL—good fellow reader, you are in no wise angered, I am right sure, to see Phorcyas lay aside the cloak and reveal the familiar old Mephistophiles to your vision. For many and pleasant have been the greetings, as I travelled along from chapter to chapter, from those who knew me not at first under the new dress—from genial Grahamites and jolly Knickerbockers, but who at last recognized their good Diabolus—unchanged as when he figured in BUNYAN'S Vanity Fair of old. Strangely amazed doubtless—as much as the people of Brittany were once, when they saw in ST. IVES a lawyer and an honest man!

> 'Sanctus Ivo erat Brito,
> Advocatus et non latro;
> Res miranda populo,"

JOHN G. SAXE of Burlington, Vermont—permit me to remind you in this connection, that it is ST. IVES and *not* the devil (as you, doubtless in entire faith assert) who is the patron saint of you lawyers. To be sure any of you are free to choose your own if ST. IVES isn't congenial! Thus endeth the sixth lesson.

Wonderful fine thing to get back to town, after summer campaigning—specially when town's New-York. Wonderfully nice do parlors with high ceilings and deep carpets—when the house has been readied for winter, or matting when it hasn't—contrast with even the costliest of cottages, and the steepest priced rooms of Ocean and Bellevue and similar inns of court-ing. Superbly first rate do the lounges in the library seem, lordly jolly are the reliable rocking chairs, seraphically bully are the first notes of the faintly rennaissancing opera, where rural strangers and demi-rep demoiselles study the librettos and leer at "us youth," with inaugural bore-ism. The old-novelty of all things is refreshing—Ma'am—'tis as good as a bran-New Year, without calls or bills. If you arn't past all sensations, don't neglect for the first few days to keep up vividly the sense of transition from sea or shore to town.

At the hotels in this season, all is lively enough, and an investigation of these grand American monasteries by any stranger would reveal a peculiar phase of our socialty, which to an intelligent ethnograppling Englishman would reveal many marvels. My Lord RENFREW—if you care for such matters—you could amuse yourself marvellously by going a little Hur'oon al Rashly about, through these caravanserails in real mufti, disguised in a railroad conductor's gold chain, gift book shirt studs, and an un-find-out-able incog-nomen. It is a great and curious fact this, of scores of families, hundreds of men, living together, rooming under one roof, table d'hôting in one dining room, all as sociable as you please. Sir, it is a grand fact—a republican fact—and one intimately connected with the peculiar national habits, developed by our glorious institutions. Some people pretend to say that at our hotels, there isn't much sociability. Isn't there! Like doesn't find there, I suppose, and visit and send wine and salads, and know all about the other people, and what rooms they've got! I'll tell you where it doesn't though—not the first imparticular fraction—and that's in the Hotels de Russie, de France and d'Angleterre and Cours de Bade, and d'Hollande and Meurices and Drei Mohrens, and all that sort of thing sprinkled over Europe. *There*, truly you *arn't* acquainted not the first smite with Gold Split Goose with armorial fixiogs on the second story, or *premiére étage* front. If you *do* collide or lude with him, you're in pious ignorame of those small, calm Christians—the SLOES of Pittsburg, who domiciliate up stairs and go with letters of introduction and a commissionaire to hunt up M. MONOD or D'AUBIGNÉ or BUNSEN, or whoever the big local evangelical lion may be—the only lions they ever meet. If you are in the last party the chances are remarkably strong against your mingling much with BIANCA LAMA, and her sisters and mother—the angels!—who have the next suite and are altogether the most delightful and companionable family now travelling in Europe. People don't live much in the regular hotels in Europe; rank drives the wedge still further—*sapristi!* didn't MME YEUXNOIRS live four years in the Hotel Bourbon, next door to her own brother and never know it! It is different with us, simply because there is such a wide range of "nice people" in the United States, who either know each other, or each others' friends—the result of which is the stupendous amount of acquaintances which every respectable man and woman of the world boasts in America. Nothing like it in Europe, for the simple reason that no one strata of society there, corresponds in extent to that of the "nice people," whom one may venture to know, in this country. For this reason such of our first class hotels and boarding-houses as are kept with some degree of moral exclusiveness, present many curious places of life. We are a giving way, and an accommodating people Sir—we don't quarrel for precedential seats at the dining-table, as I have seen two infuriated Dutch fiddlers do, nor do we institute those aquafortissime fights, which English ladies of the same rank get up about rooms and servants and furniture, at their own and foreign watering places. While there are chickens and beef-steaks for all, we get along in a good-natured, easy way utterly unknown to Europeans. I've tried the thing on a wide range, and I know.

Very first rate it is to meet cheerfully of an evening at the house of MRS. WILLABY—WILLY'S aunt—where that erratic young WIDOW subsides with marvellous art, from a wandering semi-emancipated she Arab on a summer bender, to a "quiet lively" little body, in remarkably pretty head-dresses with a bit of lace, and small plaid silks. We are generally rather happy up there. We don't know whether they're receptions or not—but once or twice a week a choice circle gathers there from the time that Fall peaches come in, until Spring oysters go out. We have music too—uncommonly good sometimes—and the most cordial welcome from the WILLABYS. Just at present we also possess Captain DICK. As principal living relative, the Captain puts on an immensely paternal and possessive air at the WILLABY'S. Something of the style of EDWARD CUTTLE, Mariner, when that gentleman assumed the character of a shopkeeper, is to be sure, visible in the Captain—but his vast enjoyment of a patriarchal position, and his conviction that he is doing it in something more than a high pressure perfectionated manner are exquisite. The stupendous efforts of condescending courtesy, indicating giant-like sagacity, with which he brings himself to bear on questions of cups and saucers, and bath room pipes to be mended, are overwhelming beyond belief. To be consulted on groceries, affords him seraphic delight, while to be asked an opinion on a milliner's bill is a real blessing. On these occasions, the knowing look and the official-important, head-of-a-family solemn-air which DAMBANGER piles up, are indeed edifying. His Importance being well sustained by Experience. "How much a pound did you say, for brown sugar," quoth DICK—"h'm! (I once won a thousand arrobas of sugar at one turn of monté from DON CRISTO AL GARCIA.) Overseed a sugar plantation once myself—know all about it—don't you pay him any such price my dear—*I* advise you not to. *Rice!* Yes—I should think I *did* know something about rice. I'm in town on rice. Fitted out a vessel for the Guinea trade once, and bought all the rice and stores myself. Your man (graciously) "gives you very fair rice indeed, to be sure, not equal to the Imperial sort we used to have in China. *Coffee*—h'm!" (a long solemn pause, a pursing up of lips, and a strange series of nods of the Lord BURLEIGH build.) "Coffee That's what I shot DON PEDRO CARRERA, for in San Juan—calling me a coffee thief, because I seized his for a debt—he owed me for twenty-seven *bozals*

—the Spanish beggar! Certainly my dear—I'm posted on coffee—I know the Mocha too—was on board an Arabian coffee coaster once, bound for Aden—was taken by pirate—very nice fellow he was, SHAITAN EBLIS—killed all my friends, but took a fancy to me, and made me a present of their coffee. You should always buy Mocha my dear—it's cheapest and best."

So we are all cheerful up at WILLABY'S. CAROLINE allows me about one evening in the week out—and I spend it there. Needless to say that my engagement furnishes Captain DICK with a fund of anecdote relative to the subject of love. However vast a man's experiences may have been, it will generally be found that they diminish to nothing when compared to his love adventures.

"Mr. SPUYTENTUYFEL," quoth Captain DICK, at our *réunion*. "I am informed that it is my duty to congratulate you on your engagement to that beautiful woman, who showed us so much hospitality at Newport. Sir—I could have found it in my heart to have sailed in myself, to such a port."

"There's a rival for you, brother BROADWAY!" quoth WILLY.

"Ah!" said DAMBANGER, shaking his head portentously—don't you say too much about my being a rival. There are men living—I mean dead—who if they could re-consider the subject, wouldn't go into the rival business again against Captain DICK."

"Hear Don GIOVANNI!" quoth BLANCHE.

"Don GIOVANITY I should say," slid in WILLY.

"My first rival was floored," quoth RICHARD in a very peculiar manner. You must excuse the circumstances—they wer'nt of my making—any more than the fact that the young man was some sort of a quadroonatic Martinique, yellow maple colored, young gentlemanl He was *there*, and *I* couldn't help it.

"The fact is that I was about sixteen years old, and with the quadroon boy, was under care of a tutor in Lyons in France. Next door to our old house was an old cloister which had been turned into a girl's boarding-school. Well—my fellow student and I discovered in a remote part of the institution a forgotten door. Of course we opened it and formed a very general acquaintance with a very susceptible lot of black-eyed damsels. Well—they *were* a sweet pack to be sure!

"Now it was very mortifying to me, to be taken down by a Martinique nigger, but such is life in France, and I had to realize the or-raful fact, that I couldn't shine when that curly-headed PIERRE RACQUETTE was around. They called him in their heathen ignorace of niggers, "the handsome Creole," and petted him almost to death. Just fancy—one hundred and fifty young girls—most of 'em noble, and all pretty—lionizing, adoring, caressing, kissing, and cher-ami-ing a mere five hundred dollar nigger, when a young American gentleman couldn't get a show. Thorns—rankling envy—I had sense enough, however, to find that licking him didn't help a mite.

"All at once a lucky idea took me. One day I saw Mademoiselle HORTENSIA the finest girl in school, displaying a lock of the "Creole's" wool to her friends.

"Mademoiselle," quoth I, "has that hair actually been cut?"

"Certainly Monsieur RICHARD."

"But why didn't you *draw* it out," quoth I. Don't you know that negro hair always *has two ends to it*. We Americans all know that. You may have to pull very hard, but if you only take hold of a good sized lock and give it a tremendous twitch you'll find that the middle of each hair is in the head, and that as the two ends are outside, it will come out at once."

"The news of this great marvel flew like wildfire. Next afternoon at recreation there was an awful crowd at our secluded little rendezvous PIERRE RACQUETTE had got himself up steep, with his curly mop entirely on end. There was one rush at him and twenty young hands went into his wool. Maybe he didn't squeal—and then got mad! It didn't help. Every day a new batch sailed in—for of the whole school there wasn't one who wasn't determined to have a twitch at it. You remember the Drummer's Wife and her anxiety to test the nose of SLAWKENBERGIUS? Lord bless you—her curiosity was milk and water, compared to that of those girls. They were rabid, Sir—perfectly rabid to satisfy themselves as to whether a darkey's hair had *two ends to it*. The more PIERRE denied it, the more they wouldn't believe. Finally he quarrelled, and the girls got to quarrelling among themselves and then PETER went below par. He became a nasty nigger from that time forth, and I reigned in his stead."

"Or any other man."

"Exactly."

"Well Captain D.," quoth WILLY boy, as she took his arm to the dining-room where a mild spread of fruit and biscuit, sherry and scuppernong awaited us—"AMBANGER—considering what a pious bringing up you had in your early youth it's really wonderful that you haven't turned out churchier in your old age. I've known men to become Zealous on half your opportunities and Gifts."

"Or any other man," I suggested. "God keep our cloaks from the reach of a praying young man," say the Spaniards. Certainly the Captain wasn't given to stealing in his youthful days"

And the knife went into the lordly melons—and we passed the cut peaches, and the wine was relished—and there was a lofty time generally speaking that evening in "Chateau Willaby."

"There are two lodged together.
One cried *God bless us!* and *Amen* the other."

MACBETH.

I am writing in the Catalpa library. Alone with my *fiancée*. When I look at her at times I feel restless—almost nervous—with a great sense of happiness. It seems well-nigh sinful to love any earthly object as I have learned to love CAROLINE. Everything great and noble and beautiful, which ever crossed the vista of my mind in by-gone years, seems again revived and concentrated on that woman. Oh, the tremendous conquering thought of *that* love! And something based on deep truths, tells me that in future years, I shall bow before this Queen, worshipping then as now her glorious soul. And I could—I *did*—walk for years near her, without knowing what a treasure awaited me!

Strange that so short a season of love should change us both so much. Chilling dignity, sad sorrow, mist-cloudy reserve—all are gone from CAROLINE—a youthful genial tenderness, a rose-aurora of winning cheerfulness, almost playful, have taken their place—oh, I knew that there would be a May Spring of new life, when that heart once expanded to the sun. And I have become more earnest—"braver and graver, *mon ami*" says CAROLINE. It is all well—we enter on a new life. I have made one curious discovery though, in it all. Romances, poetry, all the imagings of Art cannot convey an impression of the tremendous dramatic force, the awful reality latent in love. It whirls up the stupendous elements of the soul—we are astounded at learning what there is in self—by Heaven, I believe that the Hindoo fable of the Ocean, churned by demons with Mount Meru, and the priceless jewels, and the Amreeta cup immortality which they stirred from its depths, is only a myth of great congenial hearts stirred by deep love. So I walk in wonder—and think how strange it is that I am I, and that this Enchantress, this marvel, this dear love, is the same CAROLINE whom I used to escort about, and who has been a very intimate old friend for so many years.

The humorous gleam in it is but faint—it's sinful to call it funny—but I smile a little at CAROLINE'S excessive, motherly care, and hen-with-one-chicken manner of looking after me. It's so new to her to have something to regularly care for—the woman nature and instincts and all being with her so unusually powerful and so long pent up. By Jove Sir—I laughed and my eyes moistened with tears together this morning, at finding in her stable a horse which I admired once and couldn't afford—as I suppose she had learned in some round about way. And the perfectly serious, undoubting way with which CATALPA pursues this new, high mission—verily when I *am* married, I shall be tremendously married—a great deal married to very much wife indeed.

The summer is over! You, dear friends, who have, far and wide, followed me in these eccentric vagaries—really gentle and truly loved readers, if you have followed me with good will, even though you may be unknown to me—the time has come to say good bye. Should I learn that any of you miss me I may come again. Meanwhile BROADWAY SPUYTENTUYFEL as EDITOR at least, if no longer travelling Telegraph Correspondent trusts that all these kind and genial friends will continue to find in our grotesque and merry VANITY FAIR pleasant hours, piquant changes, and many wild variations on the old tune whose melody runs,

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

A "New Little Story" by Mr. Dickens.

The enterprise of that palladium of newspapers — need we say that we refer to THE *Herald*? was, perhaps, never more apparent than in the matter of the following item which appeared in its "Art, Literature, and Science" column of the 20th inst:

"Mr. Dickens' new little story, which is exciting great interest, "Hunted Down," will appear almost simultaneously in England and America."

One has to be acquainted with the fact that this "new little story;" "Hunted Down" was printed in 1T, (Mr. DONNER'S *Ledger* we mean, of course,) in the Spring of the year 1859, to fully realize the startling novelty of the *Herald* announcement.

Ralugnis Yrev.

The following is quoted from Forbes Winslow's new work on Nascent Insanity :—

A gentleman, after an attack of paralysis, when attempting to pronounce words, always transposed the letters. For example, in endeavoring to say the word "flute," he said "etulf," "puc" for "cup," "gum" instead of "mug."—*Boston Advertiser, Sept.* 20.

And suppose he were reading aloud one of the Magician Anderson's show-bills, how would he pronounce the title of Miss Lizzie—the "Youthful Mnemosyne or Retro-remeniscent Orthographist!" Just think of it!

Balmy.

The editor of a certain paper in this city, whose name, from motives of benevolence, we refrain from mentioning, took occasion last week to write a paragraph about a complimentary supper, which recently came off at a well-known restaurant in Broadway. The paragraph in question has to us all the fragrant freshness of new-mown hay. This is the paragraph, or rather an extract from it:

"The entertainment was a pleasant one, though not *graced by the superior members of the Press. We regret that we were unable to accept an invitation.*"

"Where all is so good it would be invidious to particularize," as the critics say.

Extract from our Washington Correspondence.

"Most men, when anything disagreeable happens, make wry faces. J. B. being more philosophical, does just the contrary; he Faces the Rye.

Philadelphian.

The medical light of other days—Rush.

A TAIL FOR THE TIMES.

MISS MOWZLEY'S MACAW, WHICH HAS BEEN VERY MUCH EXCITED LATTERLY, HAS JUST MOULTED AWAY HIS TAIL IN THE FORM OF A PRINCE OF WALES' PLUME.

LADIES ATTENTION!

"By request of numerous friends, including several families of respectability," we—no—we don't appeal for a poor widow burnt out, or for subscriptions to buy the *World* a French dictionary, but we do cut the following from that medium of immaculate young matrimonialists The *N. Y. Herald.*

AN ITALIAN YOUNG GENTLEMAN WISHES to form the acquaintance of a Protestant young lady, with a view to matrimony. She must be well educated, of refined tastes, possess some means, used to high life, and move in the best society. Those *that answer* for fun or have not the above qualifications are requested *not to answer.* Address, either in French or English. CACTUS DI TANCREDI.

Now for it!

Firstly. CACTUS DI TANCREDI!!

Secondly. CACTUS not only wishes her to be used to "high life" but also—the exacting wretch!—to move in the best society *Tutte le Due!*

Thirdly. CACTUS requests those who answer for fun not to answer at all!

Fourthly. CACTUS is an Italian, but wishes to be addressed either in French or English. No desire to see the soft syllables of his native tongue is manifested by him.

Who wouldn't write at once to such a winning advertisement? Ladies—you especially who possess some means—loose no time in sending in your billets to Mister O'CACTUS. But rimimber that yees dont forget darlints, that the bastes who write for fun, bedad, are not to answer at all.

From our abandoned Contributor.

In recording the career of WALKER—filibuster, not dictionary man—the papers tell us that he came on one occasion to a place called Limar, and found "abandoned mahogany works."

We did not feel comfortable at the idea of abandoned mahogany, which would seem to be a prosaic paraphrase of Moore's melancholy "banquet hall deserted." We don't abandon the mahogany so long as there's anything on it—*we* don't. Our uneasiness on the subject, therefore, led us to consult a distinguished *ébeniste* of this city, who informs us that abandoned mahogany is the wood of which gaming tables are made.

A MISSILE FROM THE ORIGINAL JENKS.

JENKSBURG, September 25, 1860.

Editors of Vanity Fair:

GENTS: It aint me! Some one has been a using of my name to jokes and cetra in your paper (which I take regular) without my permission. I never made no such jokes as them. When I begin to make jokes for you, look out for snakes, that's all! They'll be bulgers, and no mistake! Who could'nt make such a joke! that about my immediately falling asleep? If it was a joke, I cannot see the point. Besides I never do fall asleep immediately. It takes me a thundering long while to get to sleep, always. Especially when I aint sleepy. And why should I be sleepy after making a joke? Everybody that knowed me, knowed right away when they read that about my "falling asleep immediately," that I never did no such thing, and so they knowed it wasn't mine at once. I suppose the man that did them jokes, is a very young man without no name of his own of any account, so he borrowed mine. I wouldn't mind it so much after all, perhaps, if he hadn't said I fell asleep immediately, which is what I repeat I never do, and I demand him to take it back, or I'll sue him for libel. That I will, as soon as you tell me what his name is, which please do me by return mail.

By the way, if you want some jokes from the *real* JENKS, that is me, I don't know but I'll do you some if you pay smart enough, which please say how much, and oblige yours respectfully,

LEMUEL JENKS.

N. B.—I've got some first-rate jokes ready made on hand, all in a book, and which I can let you have a bargain. I've had them these fifteen years, and have tried 'em.

Which will create the greatest Stir?

Webs*ter* or Worces*ter*.

PRINCE OF-WALES IN NA

OATS, and their sportive offspring so widely connected with the glove business, are one of the features of the grassy rampart of Quebec.

"Newcastle," said the Prince, gloomily, as if he had just been bored by an augur, "I saw a goat upon the ramparts to-day—three goats—nine."

"Did your Royal Highness see nine goats?" exclaimed the Duke, with a slightly agitated manner, as if the great meteor of the twentieth of July had suddenly reappeared and fallen into his trousers pocket."

"Yes," replied the Prince; "nine goats driven by a wierd-looking old woman with a long white wand."

"Dear me!" said the Duke.

"One of the goats, diverging from the path," continued the Prince, "struck by the old woman with her wand, and instantly turned——to what, do you suppose?"

"A boot-jack," replied the Duke, promptly.

"Pshaw! no," exclaimed the Prince; "it turned to *butt-her*. And what did the old woman turn to, think you?"

"A butterfly," replied the Duke, confidently.

"No she didn't," said the Prince, "she turned to run."

Driving out upon the St. Louis road the Prince observed some men at work repairing the telegraph wires, the poles of which had been blown down for some distance.

"We shan't get much information out of these wires for a while," remarked the Prince quietly.

"And wherefore not, your Royal Highness?" asked an eminent member of the suite.

"Because they're so badly posted up," replied the Prince.

"Where on earth can the Prince have picked up his Americanisms?" said the Duke of Newcastle to Lord St. Germains, in a desponding tone.

"I hardly know, my lord," replied the latter, "unless indeed, he gets them from the VANITY FAIR man, whom he will scarcely let out of his sight for a moment, as you may perceive."

"Ah! that's it!" exclaimed the Duke; "but the V. F. man is irrepressible, you know!"

As the royal party approached Stratford on their way to London in Canada West, the Prince pointed out to his attendants the house in which SHAKSPEARE was born. Here the inhabitants, being destitute of regular artillery, fired a salute at the prince out of hollow trees, which are very plentiful in that neighborhood in proportion to the population—about thirty thousand acres of trees to every inhabitant.

"Ah!" cried the Prince, if her colonies are the armies of England, Canada is a wooden one, and it is good for her to have timber artillery. We are a great people, we are—wooden walls, wooden arms and wooden guns. If the trees here were boot-trees we should have wooden legs, also."

There are two things by which the Prince has been sorely tried during his tour through Canada—the weather and the deputations. One very wet day, when sorely bored by a prolix address from one of the latter calamities, H. R. H. turned to a confidential member of his suite, and said with a malicious smile:

"I wish the weather and the speaker would both take the same course."

"And what might that be, your Royal Highness?" asked the gentleman addressed.

"DRY UP!" said the Prince.

THE WORLD'S LATEST "KINK."

That eminently lamb-like journal, the *World*, after quoting in its issue of last Thursday, a howling dervish sort of paragraph, from the correspondence of a Southern paper, makes this stinging comment:

"The——are not all dead yet, it seems."

The perfection of mildness is here, we think, fully reached. Expletives of profane nature, it is the custom in newspaperdom to cover up with the cloak of a dash, but to the *World* is due the credit of first tabooing that vicious word "fools," and of keeping it from ears polite. When the *World* has perfected its system, we need no longer hope to read in its police reports, that a desperate scoundrel has fallen into the hands of justice; rather shall such paragraphs be tempered to the shorn reader somewhat after this fashion:

ARREST OF A NOTORIOUS——.

"Late on Saturday night officer Blank of the 8th precinct, succeeded in arresting a ——, who has long eluded the searches of the police. The real name of this character is John Smith, though he is better known by his several aliases, such as "Corkey Jack," "—— Bill," "——," &c. It is only last week that Smith, in company with two or three fellow ——, —— assaulted a man in Water street, and, after having robbed him of his valuables, left him in a dying condition. It is to be hoped that this desperate —— will be dealt with according to his deserts. Such —— is of too common occurrence in our midst."

The great moral lesson that this reticence cannot fail to inculcate, will be of the greatest benefit to mankind. When we have said this, we know that we have said enough to induce the conductors of the *World* to adopt it at once.

THE SUEZ CANAL.

The body politic of France has long desired a new alimentary canal; Mons. de Lesseps arrived in Paris on Sunday from Alexandria, Egypt, gives out that he is altogether satisfied with having made arrangements for one that will prove worthy of Fr-r-rr-ance! In noticing the prodigious rapidity with which the works on this Canal of Suez are advancing, he mentions that "a place called Port Said which a year ago was a bare desert, is now a town, and will become a city before another year expires."

It will become a city—a City of the Dead—long before another year expires; populated with thousands on thousands of Fellahs who will expire before the year. Does M. Lesseps (with a de——) know how many lives it cost to construct the Mahmondieh canal from Alexandria? How many to build that nuisance at the Barrage? Port Said enough said.

As for the Canal of Suez we would suggest to France the erection of a monument at its entrance with that sentence slightly altered, the death-rattle sentence we mean.

T' All The Fellahs Dead For France.
(Tous Les Fellahs Morts Pour La France!)

In Re Recorder.

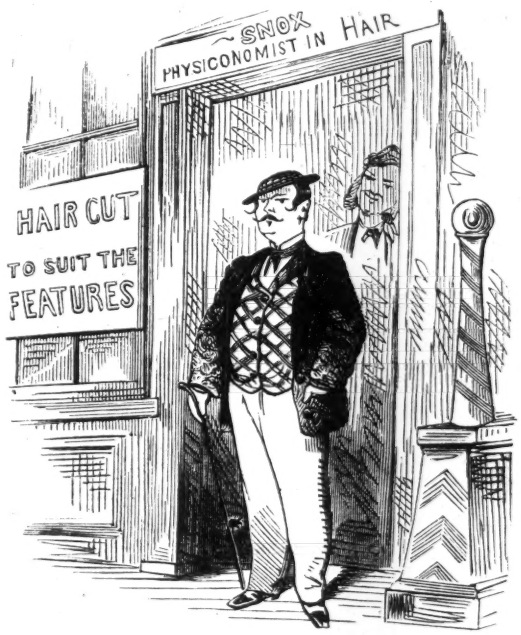
Last Thursday, the Tammany Hall City and County Convention met at the "old wigwam," and nominated GEORGE G. BARNARD, for the judgeship of the Supreme Court of this city.

We can scarce express the pleasure that it gives us to record this fact. The claims of Mr. BARNARD upon the suffrages of our citizens are manifold. Those who, unacquainted with the stern integrity of the man; desire to know his qualifications for the post to which he aspires, may be referred, we think, with safety to the last number but one of VANITY FAIR, in which some mention was made of his decision in the case of that refined and gentlemanly person, THOMAS J. MUNDAY.

A friend at our elbow suggests that the nearest approach that BARNARD will make to the Bench (of the S. C.) will be after election, when with political "little bills" pouring upon him he Comes to Settle. But our friend doesn't know how we reward merit of the BARNARD order in New York.

The Light Fantastic.

What all the world (including the denizens of New Jersey and Emigrant Irishmen) want to "tread on." *Musquitoes.*



BEEN AND WENT AND HAD IT DONE.

AN ENTIRELY NEW AND PERFECTLY ORIGINAL AMERICAN COMEDY;

OR A RESTORATION OF SHAKESPEARE. JUST AS THE PUBLIC OR THE MANAGER PLEASE.

THE VENETIAN MOOR.

(Copyright applied for.)

[The following admirable scene from the new Comedy of THE VENETIAN MOOR has been kindly furnished to VANITY FAIR, by a Prompter who was under some bibulous obligation—it may be thus algebraically expressed, $\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2}$—to our Convivial Editor. The play will be produced at a new theatre room to be built in this city, and called THE BACK GARDEN.]

ACT V.

SCENE XXXVIII. *A Dormitory in the Chateau de Noir—Mrs. Gen. O. De Brabantio couchant and dormant.*

Enter OTHELLONIO, with a Camphene Lamp.

Oth. My soul! the cause! it most certainly is the cause, my soul! In fact there can be no doubt about it. You will excuse me for not mentioning all the circumstances to you. O virtuous luminaries! but the cause it most decidedly is. And yet it is not my intention to bleed her; nor will I disfigure her cuticular beauty, of snowy spotlessness, and polished like an alabaster monument. Yet must she expire; or there will be more green young gentlemen in difficulties. Ha! ha! Extinguish the glim and then—— Extinguish the glim? Suppose I do douse thee thou patent illuminator! Cannot I light thee again, if I wish to? Of course, I can! But once douse thy glim, O Mrs. O.!—And thou hast been a very fine woman in thy day—and all the American Friction Match Company cannot light thee again. When I have picked my pretty Camelia, it must fade in the course of time. Therefore, before I pick, I'll sniff it. [*Sniffs.*] O odoriferous exhalation! Almost am I inclined to give it up so! [*Sniffs.*] If thou art only thus when thou art no more, I shall have murdered thee without the slightest diminution of affection. Positively the last. [*Sniffs.*] Hold! no! yes! ah! oh! Mrs. O. De B. seems to be stirring.

Mrs. O. Who's there? Is that you, *mon General?*

Oth. Yours respectfully. Did you attend to your devotions this evening?

Mrs. O. Of course I did.

Oth. If you think of anything in the devotional line which would be comfortable, [*takes up the bolster*] I advise you, my dear, [*smothers her*] to avail yourself of it.

[BRIDGET O'BRIEN knocks.]

Oth. Enter, Bridget.

[BRIDGET enters.]

Oth. Leave the room, Bridget!

[Exit BRIDGET.]

Mrs. O. (*reviving.*) O!

Oth. Come back, Bridget.

[Enter BRIDGET.]

Mrs. O. (*Dying.*) O!

Brid. By the blessed St. Patrick, and havn't ye gone and done it now? Sure, she's kilt intirely. Murther! murther! murther! mur-ther! m-u-r-t-h-e-r!

[Enter POLICEMAN 106 and OLD IAGO.]

Pol. 106. Hillo, my coveys! what's the row now?

Brid. Murther's the row, ye Smaterpollytan spalpeen! He done it!

Pol. 106. Who done it?

Brid. He!

Pol. 106. Who?

Brid. He!

Pol. 106. Ah! [*Draws his locust.*] General! this is an unpleasant business. You must with us.

Oth. Hold hard a moment—hold! Let me consider whether it is preferable in the mind to suffer the cocktails and darts of cantankerous luck, or by opposition finish them! [*Draws his sword.*] Down (*stabs himself*) to hell, (*stabs himself*) and say (*stabs himself*) I sent (*stabs himself*) thee thither (*stabs himself*).

Pol. 106. This did I fear, and now he's gone and done it.

Old Iago. Angels and graceful ministers, defend us! (*Stabs Bridget.*)

Pol. 106. Is that thy game? (*Stabs Iago.*) I cannot bear this disagreeable sight. The act shows grim, but 'tis the last. (*Stabs himself.*)

Enter two Coroners.

1*st Coroner.* This is my case!

2*nd Coroner.* You lie!

1*st Coroner.* Take that. (*Stabs 2nd Coroner.*)

2*nd Coroner.* Ah! (*Dies.*)

1*st Coroner.* What have I done? Remorse! What have I done? (*Stabs himself.*)

(*The curtain falls.*)

A Cow on the Track.

There is a story about a bull running, full butt, tail on end, into a locomotive—a story of which we were just now reminded, by reading some resolutions set forth by a society called the Milk Producers' Association. The grievance complained of by the members of this association, is the hardness of the Harlem Railroad in its dealings with them, and they have incorporated themselves for the purpose of bringing the Railroad Company down to a reasonable standard, for the transport of milk. The Milk Producers' Association is not a herd of cows, as might be supposed from its designation. It is composed of respectable farmers from the lacteal districts on the line of the Harlem Road. They threaten to "strike," and turn their milk into another channel, unless the tariff of transport is reduced. Let them remember the fate of the bull, and respect the rush of the locomotive. The managers of the railroad on the other hand hold out, and stick by their tariff. Let them in turn remember railroad history, and the trains that have been thrown off and sent to smash by a Cow on the Track.

Flowery Writing.

The horticultural man of the *World* gave a tremendous account, lately, of a row between some flower merchants and the authorities of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. He says:

"Four of the flower men were immersed in the station house for the night, and on Sunday morning were taken before Justice CONNOLLY."

Now, if these hapless flower merchants were "immersed" in a station house, it is natural to infer that they must have been arrested by the Water Police—a strange and anomalous proceeding, which can only be accounted for on the supposition that it was authorised by a warrant from the Fire Marshal.

The only Schism V. F. is guilty of.

Witti-cism.

THE RENFREW SPRIG.

Extatic Salesman.—THERE'S A NEAT THING IN SHAWLS, MA'AM—THE RENFREW SPRIG. WE HAVE HAD A GREAT VARIETY OF SPRIGS THIS SEASON, BUT THE RENFREW IS THE LARGEST YET, AND WILL BE TREMENDOUS RUN AFTER

FRIGHTFUL ASTUTENESS OF OUR POLICE.

The sharpness of our new Police has become, like M. F. TUPPER'S philosophy, "proverbial." And for about the same reasons. The latest instance of their immense shrewdness is recorded in a late *N. Y. Herald*. Two of these Metropolitan *Badgers* found a man getting surreptitiously into a basement restaurant at a mystic hour of the night. With a brilliant quickness of perception, they instantly asked him "what he wanted there." He replied mildly, that "he wanted to go in," and requested them as a favor to "hold on till he came back." With their accustomed urbanity, they complied, and "held on" for a period—or at least a colon of time, when it suddenly occurred to them (and here in above all, is their wondrous fertility of resource displayed) that perhaps he wasn't coming back; that perhaps he was a dishonest person; that perhaps they had better go in too and look for him. Which they proceeded to do with such Dogberrian alertness that they discovered, almost immediately—that he had gone.

This heroic and intellectual exploit seems to us, if possible, even more sublime than that daring feat of a body of the same "great spirits" recently, when, to quote "*Hohenlinden*" (slightly improved)

> In badge and truncheon all a "*raid*,"
> Each warrior nipped an errant blade,
> And furious, all entreaty *nayd*.

To let the innocent victims pursue the every tenor of their virtuous way, or join their festive revelry.

The decayed Belle and the Photographer.

"How ugly!" cried Kate—little thinking the stricture
Was cutting herself rather more than her picture;
"Perhaps," quoth the artist, "the fact may be so;
"The *likeness* is all that I warrant, you know."

THE DEAD MARCH.

The drummer boy of the Milwaukee Light Guard was on board the ill-fated steamer LADY ELGIN, and was saved by means of his drum. He had presence of mind sufficient to whittle a plug and close the air vent, then lashing the drum to his shoulders he trusted himself to the waves." *Exchange Paper.*

There are shrieks and groans and screams!
Three hundred souls are drowning—
On whom for this reckless loss of life
Do you think that God is frowning?
Where were the boats to save?
Stowed away in somebody's pocket;—
And as long as the steamboat was fully insured—
For the Public—one may mock it!
The angry waves are beating
The Dead March on his drum,
As the drummer boy is passing
Those who are hastening Home!
Come, Come! waves on the drum
Rattle and rumble,
"Death to the dumb!
Dumb Public, public dumb!"

A Foolish Move.

The Governor of Massachusetts has committed an error in going to Chicago. He will certainly lose thereby all his Eastern popularity, as Yankees are a little too knowing to imagine Banks Out West can be depended on.

Why Brown wont vote for Lincoln.

Because he thinks if elected, the Presidential office would be probably Abe-used.

SCAN. MAG. AT WASHINGTON.

Miss J. B. to Nancy, of Alabama.—"YES MY DEAR, AND THEY DO SAY, STEVE DOUGLAS IS GOING TO SELL OUT TO OLD ABE, AND OLD ABE'S TO GIVE HIM EVER SO MUCH MONEY AND QUICKSILVER, BESIDES THE WHOLE TOWN OF CHICAGO. BUT I WOULDN'T MENTION IT FOR ANYTHING."—(*Telegraphic Dispatch, Washington Sep.* 20)

A LETTER FROM THE HERMIT AT NIXON'S.

SOME evenings ago, as a pretty one paused for a moment in front of my picturesque dwelling, she exclaimed:

"Poor, solitary old anchorite, with his one great book! — no wonder his hair is white, reading the same story always, as he does. I'm sure now a run in the Astor Library would make him young again; and O! how romantic that would be, how like an Arabian Night's tale!"

"More like an Arabian horse's tail, it seems to me," rejoined the vulgar male person by whom the pretty one was accompanied—"nothing to be seen of him but a cataract of water-colored hair, switching wavily in the wind of the passing crinolines."

"Ah! but if he had had more books and nicer ones," said the pretty one—"then he might have been a laughing philosopher, you know, and they are the only sages worth following."

My dear, I have more books than you would guess, and you are one of them. Hundreds of such blue-and-gold volumes pass before my grotto every night, reading themselves out loud as they go. Hundreds not in blue-and-gold, but in calf, with rough edges, go by also; for my library is a circulating one, and therefore miscellaneous. If there are butterflies in some books of it, there are beasts in others.

Of my books, too, are the aquaria—those diaphanous fish-ponds on stilts of which so many are tastefully arranged in these portal corridors and cool, dew-faced retreats. Am I, then, a Fin-lander, you may ask, that I profess acquaintance with the language of these? Not so. On these sheets of framed water, and on the black board of some pedant who filleth the sonorous Halls of Cooper with superficial howls of science, are written, doubtless, many strange things: from them gasp nightly the wonders of the Deep, gaping with responsive gulps at the wonders of the Shallow. From them may be culled many a gentle precept, many a stern truth. To despise mere wealth, as the plain catfish evidently does when he whisks his tail in the gills of the vain golden carp. To wait patiently for any change that may be coming to us, as the progressive tadpole in the shadow of the stone does for his tail to slough away. To appreciate the sweet *libertad* of the poet, as we continuously contemplate the above-mentioned incarcerated native of the free puddle, until we cry—"Alas! poor captive—for thee, tadpole, shall no *libertad* pole take the shine out of the telegraph posts now or ever." *Nil admirari*—to wonder at nothing—like the serene bull-finch, who sits, serene as a Naiad, in the centre of a glass globe, with "water, water, everywhere," and fishes wriggling about in it. From the book of the aquarium, O Pretty One, you, or I, may glean all these things and more, and that *sans Fin*, as the French tersely express it.

And yet, as an illiterate person cannot take up a printed, paper book, without degrading it to dog-ears or polluting its lily margin with unclean thumb, so there come dozens of strange people here, every night, who rudely violate the decencies by taking improper liberties with these water-books of yours and mine, O Pretty One.

Lonely, still, is the Fountain of the Dead Seal, whose late mild-eyed tenant fell undoubtedly a victim to the vulgar intrusion of his thoughtless visitors. Once, on a calm summer night, I saw from my cell-window a person who represents one of the city wards eject from his foul mouth a stream of noxious tobacco-juice into the mild face of the tenant of the fountain. How I burned to see Mr. William Moore appear, and, laying about him with a stable fork, or some such instrument proper to the object, fell the caitiff Councilman to the clay of which I regret to think that we are alike composed—Councilman and Hermit.

I wish I had the address of that quackery, shakery old person—of Peoria, Illinois, he may be or he may not—who, on one occasion, diminished the immediate popularity of Mr. Joseph Pentland, Clown, by the boisterous manner in which he acted with regard to the eel and other residents of the extreme eastern aquarium of the series. Should this meet the eye of the old dotard, I hope it will affect him as unpleasantly as the point of his umbrella did the fishes, when he poked it down among them "to make 'em squirm," as he explained.

And even you, O Pretty One, gentle as you are, I more than once detected you in knocking the little lady-bird turtles off their miniature rock, just for the pleasure of witnessing their struggles in trying to scramble on again. I will admit that the goodness of your heart prompted you to aid their endeavors by gently touching them up gently with the point of your delicate parasol—but repose is essential to the testudinal constitution, my duck, and you must not do it again.

THE HERMIT.

DE MORTUIS.

In common with the rest of the world, VANITY FAIR has heard of the death of WILLIAM WALKER.

VANITY FAIR has not grieved over the probable execution of the Filibuster.

But VANITY FAIR has seen with sincere grief that disapproval of the politics of WALKER has made by far too many of our cotemporaries forget that the man was sincere in his views, such as they were, and that his bravery, however misapplied, certainly *was* bravery.

No one who has followed for years past, the accounts of WILLIAM WALKER'S raids and battles, can truthfully deny that he had good, plain, savage, cool pluck in abundance. Brave as a bull dog, fearless as a grizzly bear.

VANITY FAIR therefore suggests to all papers, Celtic or American, who comment on the now probably late WILLIAM WALKER, that such terms as "sneaking coward" are not only false, but in eminently bad taste when applied to the subject in question.

It is true that there are errors of judgment, errors of all kinds. But when the solemn mystery of Death closes over them, it is well to forget them all. And it would certainly be also well in this weak-jointed age if, when a man has shown *pluck*, brutal and misapplied though it may have been, those who comment on, or even condemn him, would give him credit for its possession.

Stop Him!

Mr. FORREST has been and gone and done it. He has altered the accepted text of *Hamlet* and given us his own reading instead. On the night of Monday, the 17th of September, in Niblo's Garden of this city, we heard him distinctly say to Mr. HARKINS, who made believe he was *Horatio* on this occasion, though every one could see that it was a mere hollow pretence on his part, "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your *philosophy*." Thus again, in the "To be, or not to be" soliloquy, he would have it that a man takes arms against a "*siege* of troubles," and not against "a *sea*."

We really wish you would'nt do such things, EDWIN, you know. Those people who have taken the late W. SHAKSPEARE under their especial protection, are not the kind of men to stand anything of this sort, you know. A dreadful controversy impends over our innocent heads, you know. For as sure as you continue, the columns of the *Evening Post* will be filled with a soul-harrowing list of communications from the pundits, no one of whom will let up until, by detailing every incident in the Bard's life, he has shown why the metaphor of a "sea of troubles" would be more likely to occur to him than that of a "sea" of the same. Pleasing, though by this time elegantly monotonous allusions to the mulberry tree, to mistress ANN HATHAWAY, to the evenings at the Mermaid, etc., will be indulged in to an inordinate extent. Then, to crown all, you may draw down upon us the opinions of that distinguished SHAKSPEARIAN scholar," Mr. RICHARD DON BLANC—but here the picture becomes too horrible for contemplation.

So, Great American Tragedian, please don't do it any more!

Ornithological Transmigration.

A Reed bird when cooked becomes a Swallow.

Something for Cincinnati.

The German for Porkopolis. Hamburg.

THE WIDE AWAKES.

O The Editor of Vanity Fair:—You are noted for your sympathy with Victims. Sir, I am a Victim. I have been a Living Sacrifice to Political associations. I have been Wide Awaked awoke or awaken—whatever d'ye call 'em. I have been Democratted and Bell-Wetheretted. Therefore, sir, or whoever you are, I am Down on Political Associations. Sir, they are *all* sons of Malta in another form, and a great deal more so. The Maltese are a very good lot indeed when you're once put through. The Politicians, sir, when they get such a man as I, who can't kill from the shoulder or halloo like Stentor, or Boanerges, or Beadle, keep on tormenting him. All of them, sir, without exception.

Firstly, I joined the Wide Awakes. With Cap, Cape and Torch—My experience has been a sad one. That I may be the means of preserving others from the tortures that I have been compelled to undergo, I will commit my narrative to writing. Read, oh! young men, and be wise.

It was Jones that seduced me into joining. "So exciting," he said, "so amusing; besides its being so much for the Good of the Party." So I joined, deposited my quarter eagle with the Secretary, attended drills, and one fatal evening prepared to parade.

Oh! would that I had the pen of a —— or a ——, that I might portray in fitting terms the miseries I suffered. But even as I am, I will do my best.

Firstly, then, my boots being in a negative condition, I was compelled to don a light pair of gaiters, and with these and a pair of five dollar cassimeres and other garments "to correspond," I proceeded to our rendezvous. Here I obtained my uniform, consisting of a cape a good deal too large, and a cap a good deal too small for me. Then I was ordered to march up stairs, and in the operation was twice slapped in the face by a lamp in the hands of a huge fellow in front of me, liberally besprinkled with Kerosene oil each time. Got mad, swore, big fellow threatened to mash my jaw, and advised me to "cork up." Metaphorically speaking, I obeyed his injunction.

Well, it was not long ere we fell into line, nearly every man of us bearing a torch weighing some ten pounds. Captain came along, observed that my hand was not exactly *en regle*—struck said hand a severe blow with his staff—maledicted considerable, got laughed at—delay of half-an-hour—ordered to march. Did so for half-a-block. "Halt." Did so for half-an-hour. "March." Another half-block. Grumbled, but was consoled by Jones' observation that it was all for the Good of the Party. Then I lighted a segar—Captain came along, and said, "No smoking in the ranks;" Jones got off a tepid joke about the torches all smoking. Denounced J. as a villain.

Finally, we got under way, and marched down and up, across and right and left, until at the expiration of two hours I found myself in the principal city of New Jersey; Never until that time have I realized to its full extent the terrible agonies, the excruciating torments that attend upon thirst. [There's a touch of S. Cobb.] I was thirsty—dry, but na'ry a drink could I get—Asked the lieutenant to let me off; he remarked that "he'd see me a D.D. first." Of course I growled, but was informed by Jones "that it was all for the Good of the Party.

Discovered about this time that my lamp was leaking and that a stream of warm oil was streaming down into my neck. Shifted my torch so as to carry it at an "ease arms," when I received a look of thunder from lieut, and the information couched in no gentle terms that he had given no orders for an ease. Informed him of my peculiar perplexity when was relieved by the information that it was all for the Good of the Party.

I will not, oh! VANITARIANS, enter into long details, descriptive of my terrible march through the Jerseys, of the mud, the slime, the dirt I waded through. I will not tell you how they dragged us far up into the square, immediately upon entering which, every man of us was immediately brought to his knees, such unusual devotion in politicians, being caused by a huge ditch purposely left open; I will not narrate, my friends, the story of the march home, of the weary tramp and the many mishaps to which I was subjected, but gentle reader, read this bill and then, even though it be for the Good of the Party keep forever clear of that misguided band of poor sleepy fellows who rejoice in the cognomen of the Wide Awakes.

"The Party"

To "ARCHER" Dr.

To Time spent, 6 hours, *a* $1,	$6 00
" Loss of Ticket for Opera,	3 00
" One coat ruined by oil,	10 00
" " pair unmentionables,	7 00
" Blowing up from Mrs. ARCHER,	100 00
" Black and Blue Shoulder,	10 00
" General Wear and Tear,	50 00
Total,	$186 00

and that's what I got for turning out with the Wide Awakes.

"Never mind," says Jones, peering over my shoulder, "its all for the Good of the Party."

Meanwhile, oh VANITY FAIR—who ever you are—or any other man—please allow me to go out of this singing. On the other tack. I'm a Vaudeville, I am, and always enforce the Moral with the Lyrical.

The Song of the Barbecue.

NOT BY WALT WHITMAN, NOR PROFESSOR LONGFELLOW.

I sing not of the cue of PHELPS,
I sing not of the actor's cue,
I sing not of the Roman Q,
I sing not of the curious,
I sing of the Barbe-cue.

Held in the Wood of Jones,
Gathered there the rag-tail,
Boo-tail also of the demies,
Waiting for the ox to bake,
Waiting for the cracker.

Sensual am I, full of feeling
Hungry I get, at Meridian,
When the sun is high above,
Stomach shrieketh for victuals
Thus I felt in Wood of Jones.

Soon the ox came, Libertad!
I sing of the fatted ox,
I sing of the ancient ox,
I sing of the smelling ox,
I sing of the bloody ox.

Ax inserted in his haunches,
Libertad! how it squelched.
Crowds crowd close around the holes,
Bread-trays wander to the crowd,
Small boys carry aforesaid Bread-trays.

Jerk it off from sirloin, rump,
Ribs or shoulder, haunch or quarter,
Throw it to the starving crowd,
Bloody, half-cooked, though it may be
Each Bite is a Bite for DOUGLAS!

Libertad! Redad! Whitead! Bl[illegible]ead!
I sing of DOUGLAS, little giant—
Travelling Duggy from the prairies
Ever shouting, ever bawling
"Tell me, pray thee, where's my Mother!"

Now he speaketh—mouths are stilled,
Jaws suspended in operation;

TOMARTYRED.

DISGUST OF MR. BLAFFORD AT SEEING HIS COUNTRY COUSIN EAT WHAT HE (BLAFFORD) CALLS "A WAW TOMARTO"—IN THE OPERA.

Something New in "Virtues."

Singular as it may appear, the *Herald* had an editorial the other day about the Prince of Wales. The producer of this startling novelty was good enough to inform H. R. H. beforehand of the sort of the reception he might expect in this "land of the free and home of the, etc." Also of what the Star Spangled Bannerets would say about his Ma. Listen:

"They will speak of her maternal example, of her exemplary Christian faith, and *of the virtues of woman which coruscate around her brow.*"

"Virtues" that "coruscate" must be rather good things to have, almost as good, for instance, as the rhetorical abilities that prance about the pen of the *Herald* writer. The *Herald* need hardly have assured us however, that our countrymen would "speak' about these coruscating virtues of the Queen. There is not the slightest danger of their passing such extraordinary things by in silence.

Let 'er Rip.

Why are operatives on single-thread sewing machines like prudent husbandmen?

Because they may expect to *Rip* where they have *Sewed.*

Rem Ague Tetigit.

We are told that the Supreme Court of Massachusetts lately divorced a wife from her husband because she was a Shaker.

Horological.

Our needy contributor's ejaculation after spouting his watch. "Time's up."

More meat cut up, more meat wasted,
That Poverty would gladly smell of,
Than I can tell thee in my poem.

I sing to thee of fools,
I sing to thee of apes,
I sing to thee of idiots,
I sing to thee of knaves—
Managers of the Barbecue.

Meat was stale, order not kept;
Roughs were bosses, chiefs and all,
And the only calves and pigs,
Also sheep who were to be there,
Were low-legged, in shoes and shirts.

Lets no more of all this nonsense;
No more sad and sick'ning scenes,
No more beef, fat beef, wasted,
No more speeches from our DUGGY,
No more cursed Barbecues.

GIRLS OR BOLSTERS—WHICH.

To the mind of the realistic reader, grave doubts will arise on perusing the following paragraph, which has been going the rounds of the morning papers:

"The aurists have decided that the unusual number of cases of deafness among our female population brought before their attention, is attributable to the prevailing fashion of dressing the hair. The ear is covered and loaded with 'a mass of bandoline, horsehair, wool, and other articles,' by which the free current of air indispensable to the healthy action of the auricle is impeded, and at last deafness is produced."

There is an old song which begins by addressing the "Wide, wide world," with the somewhat puzzling query, "What are little girls made of?" to which Echo, after tauntingly repeating the words "made of?" gallantly replies, "Sugar and spice, And all things nice, Such are little girls made of."

In the days when Echo gave the above formula, the composition of the young and lovlier portion of the feminine sex, groceries and confectionary were evidently the standard of delight. The "girls" of those days were nicer, spicier, and more saccharine than the "young ladies" of ours, it seems; while on the other hand, with us upholstery appears to predominate over both groceries and confectionary, if we are to believe the assertions made in the quoted paragraph, which leads us to infer that the *élégantes* of our time are horsehairier, woolier, and more bandoliner, as well as crinoliner, than their predecessors. The subject is one demanding thorough investigation, from those who are equal to the task—a category upon which, we feel bound to confess, it would be mendacious of us to inscribe our autograph.

By those who, bolder than ourselves, may hereafter be induced to inquire into this interesting subject, however, one great difficulty must necessarily be encountered—the impossibility of obtaining from Echo, herself a feminine entity, anything like a candid reply to the query respecting the ingredients that go to the composition of the modern "young lady." As Echo always has the last word, any attempt to argue the point with her, would be worse that useless, and the inquirer would probably be settled summarily as follows. We will suppose the investigator to be a mild, elderly gentleman, of a Pickwickian and inquiring turn of mind.

Old Gent.—"What are young ladies made of?"

Echo—"Made of?
You dreadful old muff,
Are you silly enough
To suppose I would tell,
Though I know very well
The *chiffons* young ladies are made of?"

"Poor Jack" Indeed.

The *Herald* contained an editorial the other day, in which it endeavored to explain why there is such a lamentable scarcity of American seamen. VANITY FAIR craves permission to suggest that decisions like that rendered last Thursday, by United States Commissioner BRIDGHAM, who fully acquitted SEYMOUR W. BENEDICT, and DAVID FURGUSON, first and second mates of the ship *Fidelia* after it had been proven that they, by their brutal treatment, caused the death of one of the crew on board that ship, decisions like this, V. F. repeats may have something to do with the solution of the question raised by the *Herald.*

ALMOST WE FORGIVE THE WORLD.

CALLS again to us. We have had many causes of complaint against that immaculate paper, but we feel inclined to lay our hands upon its head, and forgive it all for the service it has done in presenting to an American public, from the London *Times*, an outline of the address of that Pecksniff of the pulpit, SPURGEON, on his return from the late begging tour to the continent. We especially desire that the American people should understand this wretched and arrogant humbug, so that on the day said SPURGEON shall direct his saintly footsteps to our soil, which he assuredly will do when played out at home, he will be received with that scorn and derision that such disgracers of the sacred profession deserve. There is nothing like the truth to open the eyes of fanatics, and if the listening to and reading the addresses, we will not call them sermons, of Spurgeon, does not open the eyes of the poor fools who have put together $100,000 to enable him to give forth his ribald vulgarities in a temple of his own then nothing on earth will make them see. We thank the *World*, and believe it has done the people good service.

THE FINE YOUNG CUBAN GENTLEMAN.

The Senor Don Fernando Esteban San Salvador
Had dwelt in Cuba for some five and twenty years or more,
And he was known by every one within that sunny clime
As a fine young Cuban gentleman, all of the modern time.
A fine young Cuban gentleman
All of the modern time.

Until at last, though strange to tell, the feeling altered quite,
And folks began to whisper 'Don Fernando isn't right'
Because he took in politics the democratic side,
And the Governor General wouldn't stand it, and to send Don Fernando Esteban San Salvador to Coventry he tried,
This fine young Cuban gentleman
All of the modern time.

But though he didn't quite succeed in sending him out there,
He did expatriate the Don, and he had to go elsewhere:
So he turned his property to gold, and stuck it in his belt,
And jumped on board the steamer where he immediately went below and drank a good stiff horn of brandy, just to show himself, how very bad he felt,
Did this fine young Cuban &c.

Now when the steamer left the land, and started out to sea,
Don Fernando set himself to work to write his pedigree,
For he thought it might be useful when he got again on shore,
For well he knew how much the Yankees thought of Counts, Barons, Marquises and so forth, and he therefore could trace his descent in a direct line from some five and twenty Spa grandees, and if necessary a very great many more.
Could this fine young Cuban &c.

And when propitious winds and waves had wafted him to land,
He stood and gazed in wonder at the hackman on each hand,
Who cursed and swore with gesture wild, in many a foreign tongue,
Until young Don Fernando wished that he was safely back in Cuba, or else that some benevolent minister of the government would suddenly appear, and order every one of these miscreants to prepare immediately for being hung,
Did this fine young Cuban &c.

At length his trials and his troubles all were safely past,
And he was comfortably fixed in a fine hotel at last,
So when he got his sea-legs off, he started down Broadway
And dropped him into Tiffany's where he invested largely in jewelry of all kinds, and nearly sacked that establishment, after which he appeared at the dinner-table, with all his new purchases upon his person at once—just to see what folks would say,
About this fine young Cuban &c.

Now Don Fernando can be seen each afternoon at four,
With every aid that credit adds, to a figure good before,
For all his gold with judgment spent, in credit pays him back,
And he has not the slightest trouble in borrowing any amount of money he wants, on the longest kind of paper, and no security, while his tailor's bills never come in, and his landlady would commit *Hari Kari* sooner than charge him any board, and besides he always drums up plenty of boarders for her when business is slack,
Does this fine young Cuban &c.

So down Broadway he lounges each pleasant afternoon
From the middle of September, to the end of sunny June,
When he packs his trunk and starts for Saratoga or Cape May,
Where his knowledge of society, and all the scandal, intrigue, and other little peccadillos of his many friends, enable him to carry things through without having a cent in his pocket, and all just in the same way,
Like a fine young Cuban &c.

But when the Winter season comes, and folks return to town,
And girls who left the city, blonde as—come back a ruddy brown,
And when the Opera birds begin to pipe their roundelays,
Upon the 'Academy' stage, Don F. not only always has free seats himself, but accommodates his tailor, and his hair-dresser, and his shoemaker, and all his Castilian friends into the bargain, with an amount of generous assiduity deserving of all praise,
Does this fine young Cuban &c.

And so through life he ambles on, a dressing, dancing man
He captivates the ladies as a Cuban only can,
Perchance at last he marries some title-hunting dame,
And they only wake to discover that he hasn't got any title, and she hasn't got any money and there is the deuce to pay generally, and the feeling on both sides finally becomes so strong that it quite extinguishes their flame
And this fine young Cuban &c.

Now what becomes of Cubans I really do not know,
For no matter when you see them, they always look just so,
Their hair is just as black, their whiskers just as nicely curled,
And they never seem to grow any older, but always have the same appearance that they had when I first saw them, and I believe they have always looked the same, ever since they first entered this unfortunate world,
These fine young Cuban gentlemen
All of the modern time.

The best Article for the Purpose.

Many suggestions are thrown out, daily, with regard to the best means for destroying the eggs about this time deposited upon our park trees by the progenitors of those nasty midsummer pests known as "measuring worms." One is, to use a strong brush of iron wire for the purpose. Other kinds of brushes have been proposed. Our private opinion is that the best kind of brush for getting rid of a nuisance is such a brush as Garibaldi had with Bomba's troops. That brush has taken Bomba pretty well down from his tree, preventing that particularly disgusting measuring worm from carrying out his atrocious measures. That's the brush for our money.

No doubt of it.

The splendid Scottish regiment lately inaugurated in New York claims that all its "Sandies" are "clear Grit."

VANITY FAIR.

New Publications,

Received at the Office of Vanity Fair,

For the week ending Saturday, Sept. 15, 1860.

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"This new comic paper has passed the trying ordeal of success, and is most decidedly entitled to the support of all those who love pure wit, dashed off from the pen or pencil."—*N. Y. Daily News.*

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